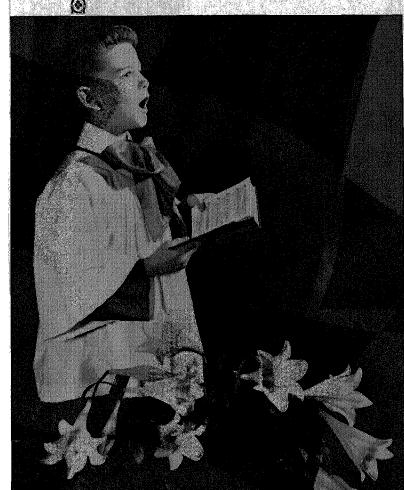


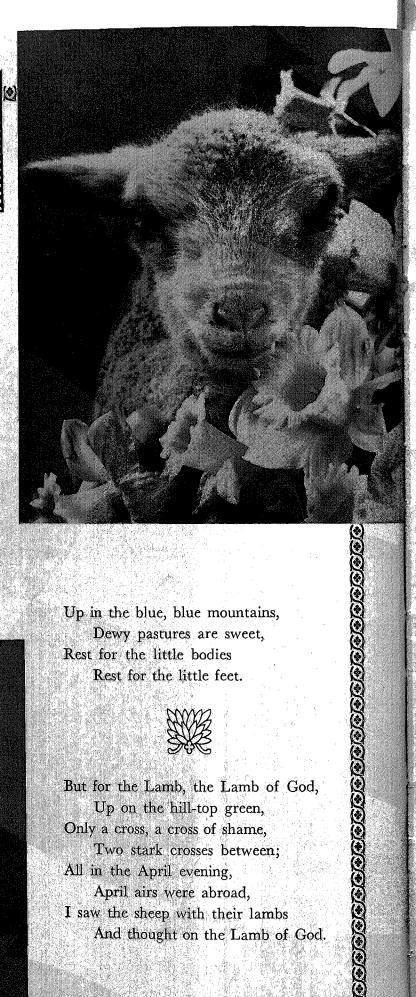
# ALL IN THE APRIL EVENING

All in the April evening, April airs were abroad, The sheep with their little lambs Passed me by on the road; The sheep with their little lambs Passed me by on the road, All in the April evening, I thought on the Lamb of God.



The lambs were weary and crying With a weak human cry; I thought on the Lamb of God Going meekly to die,





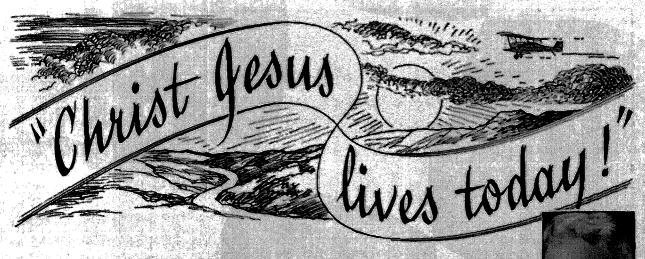
Up in the blue, blue mountains, Dewy pastures are sweet, Rest for the little bodies Rest for the little feet.



But for the Lamb, the Lamb of God, Up on the hill-top green, Only a cross, a cross of shame, Two stark crosses between; All in the April evening, April airs were abroad, I saw the sheep with their lambs And thought on the Lamb of God.

# <u>CONTROPORTOR</u>

Verses by Katherine Tynan (Reproduced by permission) Photos by Miller Services, Toronto



DO you believe that Jesus Christ lives today?

Now the words at the head of this message are frequently sung in our Salvation Army meetings and, as such, they are a reminder of that which is vital and central to the Christian faith—a full belief in the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Wrote Paul to the Christians at Corinth: "And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain."

our preaching vain and your faith is also vain."

Actually the words "Do you believe this?" are the New English Bible's translation of what Jesus said to Martha after the reported death of Lazarus: "I am the resurrection, and the life: and whosever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die. Believeth thou this?" For Martha the words of Jesus were as a bright star in a darkened sky, Said she: "Yea, Lord; I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

#### **RETURN TO LIFE**

The Easter period ought surely to be a time of the re-affirmation of our faith in the One who "ever liveth" and, further—O blessed thought!—because we believe He lives, we live also and shall live for ever. As Matthew Henry put it: "It is an unspeakable comfort to all good Christians that Jesus Christ is the resurrection and the life, and will be so to them. Resurrection is a return to life; Christ is the Author of that return, and of that life to which it is a return." To doubt and deny the fact of the resurrection of Christ is to relegate Christianity to the realms of ethics and to divorce it from spiritual experience.

This season should also be one when spiritual hope is renewed. To define the function of this quality relative to our living in Christ is always difficult. It can possibly be best expressed by indicating that it calls the sincere follower of the Lord to lift up his heart to God and to look to the beyonds of his horizons.

As a young Royal Air Force pilot in the days of the First World War it was my duty to fly on patrol early one morning. The earth was shrouded in shadows and it was cold and cheerless; moreover, because it was a lonesome flight, something akin to a depression settled upon my spirit. Then, as I looked up, the sun broke through the clouds in the distance and produced a streak of light on the horizon. The effect was remarkable, for another world seemed to open up to me, although far away.

COMMISSIONER
EDGAR GRINSTED'S
EASTER MESSAGE

As I flew onward, the rays of the sun travelled toward me, lighting up the earth. Soon the sunshine enveloped me, bringing warmth and light and I became part of that radiant scene. So it is that "In hope that sends a shining ray" our spirits are refreshed and renewed.

Finally, the message of Easter spells the blessed promise of immortality for all who believe—"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept". Scripture tells us that "the dead in Christ shall rise first". Some of the greatest pointers to the immortality of the soul are seen in the very world around us. When William Jennings Bryan, the great American orator and lawyer, looked upon some grains of wheat in an Egyptian museum and was informed that if they were put into the ground they would grow, he wrote: "If this invisible germ of life in the grain of wheat can pass unimpaired through three thousand resurrections, I cannot doubt that my soul has the power to clothe itself with a new body."

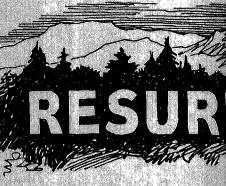
Sir John Ambrose Fleming, said to have been the greatest scientist of his day, and the inventor of the thermionic valve which revolutionized wireless telegraphy and led the way to the present-day development of radio and television, said: "There is no argument against the so-called supernatural events that lie outside ordinary human experiences. As for the Resurrection, there was unbreakable testimony for it."

When questioned recently about the importance of the soul, Billy Graham quoted Wernher von Brann, the missile scientist of today, who said: "Nature does not know extinction. All it knows is transformation . . . Everything that science has taught me, and continues to teach me, strengthens my belief in the continuity of our spiritual experience after death."

Without any reserve in our faith, let us take hold anew of the promise of Jesus Christ that if we live and believe in Him we "shall never die".

Do you believe this?





AT EASTER HUNDREDS OF CONVERTS WILL MEET AT MIRACLE VALLEY AND FILL THE CHAPEL WITH THANKSGIVING



COLONEL LESLIE PINDRED

ONE hundred and fifty acres of rich woodland situated in a valley among mountain peaks—a veritable paradise to behold— is the heaven on earth in Canada so widely known now as Miracle Valley, British Columbia.

When the land was purchased it was considered virgin and untouched. One day, however, in company with Major William Leslie, we discovered the remains of an old cedar fence and two wells which indicated that early settlers had inhabited this val-

ley. Thus the life and activity of today is a miracle story of resurrection in more ways than one.

Miracle Valley was so named after it became a healing, therapeutical arm of The Salvation Army's Harbour Light Corps in Vancouver, This corps has been a redemptive centre for more than twelve God-honouring years. The miracle started when the late Major David Hammond opened a small shop on Powell Street in Vancouver. Only twenty-five men could be cared for.

#### **Heart Concern**

Major Leslie took command, and heart concern, together with a fine quality of faith and dedication, began to pay rewarding dividends. A move to a new location meant that accommodation in the chapel expanded to 135 men. Then, with the acquisition of building after building on Cordova Street, the present downtown centre grew and grew until today it contains a chapel that seats five to six hundred men, and twice a day they hear the Gospel and are fed a substantial meal.

Major Leslie refers to the intervening period as twelve victorious years, and indeed they are. Hundreds of men and women have found the Saviour and now live a new and resurrected way of life. The glory of the work is that it is the ferment of new-found faith which constantly reaches out to others through the channel provided by the lives of those redeemed.

Brother Claude Crowell is a maintenance man at our Grace Hospital in Vancouver. Claude knelt at the penitent-form, a stupified drunk, on the very afternoon the work commenced. He was soundly converted and was carefully nurtured in the faith. Today he is married, a worthy citizen, a soul-winner, and a soldier of The Salvation Army!

Claude's story has been repeated in hundreds of lives. Some of the many trophies of grace are leaders today in the churches of many communities. Others choose to remain and help with the on-going ministry of the centre.

Apart from dedicated leaders like Claude and his wife, and the qualified battery of psychologists, doctors, psychiatrists and nurses who give volunteer assistance, the programme is run by converted men who have taken the course, mastering the dreadful stranglehold of alcohol and its attendant evils.

When such men tell others that, by God's grace and power, they can

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PAGE FOUR



beat the hell they live in on Skid-Row, they speak with the authority and confidence that personal experi-

ence gives.

A farm or country environment, altogether separated from the downtown and Skid-Row haunts of a great metropolis, was felt to be absolutely necessary to assist the healing process in some men taking treatment after conversion, Miracle Valley became available to the Army as an answer to prayer arising from this need, and to the vision of an officer.

A tent was pitched in a small clearing at the almost inaccessible entrance to the property. A simple bunkhouse and a kitchen were quickly created. Eight men with axes, shovels and the desire to make an officer's dream for his men come true paid dividends, and the Miracle Valley project took shape. Every day the Bible study courses and the evening meetings were carried on just as religiously as when the men were residents at the main centre in Vancouver.

Remarkable answers to prayer provided converts who, in better days, had been skilled technicians. The architect, a convert, drew the plans for the imposing main building in the soil with a stick. Experts today declare the structure perfect in every detail.

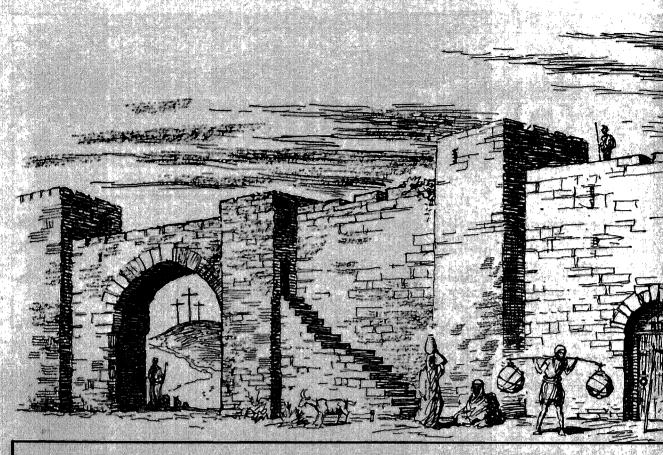
The man appointed in charge of his comrades to erect the buildings had been a top-ranking contractor

(Continued on page 17)

TOP LEFT: Entrance to Miracle Valley and the gateway to a new life. TOP RIGHT: Residents work on one of the fine buildings they designed and prected themselves.

LOWER RIGHT: The spacious chapel seats 300 and was also built by the men, seats being made from natural cedar.





# We Sang in the Garden Tomb

"I WALKED today where Jesus walked . . ." How often those words penetrated our minds during the time we were privileged to spend in the Holy Land last summer! After attending The Salvation Army's Centenary Celebrations in London, England, we journeyed to the land which had always seemed so far removed from Canada. Now, modern air travel made it possible for us to make the journey in a few short hours,

Tiberias was our headquarters in Israel. Our hotel overlooked the dazzling blue waters of Lake Galilee. What memories were stirred of the many gatherings recorded in the Bible that took place on the shores of this sea!

The incident of the Master stilling the tempest came to life when our party, numbering over a hundred, sailed across the lake. When the boat stopped half-way across, voices were raised in the well-known A MOVING DESCRIPTION OF A VISIT TO HOLY PLACES
ASSOCIATED WITH THE EASTER STORY, JOINTLY
PROVIDED BY

## LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. J. ARTHUR CALVERT

Sunday school song, "A little ship was on the sea", and then, "Master, the tempest is raging", the Scripture portion referring to this incident being read by one of the number.

Visits to Cana, Capernaum, Nazareth, the Mount of Transfiguration, and many other places where Jesus ministered were intensely mov-

ing.

The latter part of our stay took us to the City of Jerusalem, the Holy City, now divided by great walls guarded by armed soldiers, the Israel side being quite modern, and the Jordan side in many places looking just as we pictured it would have been in Christ's time.

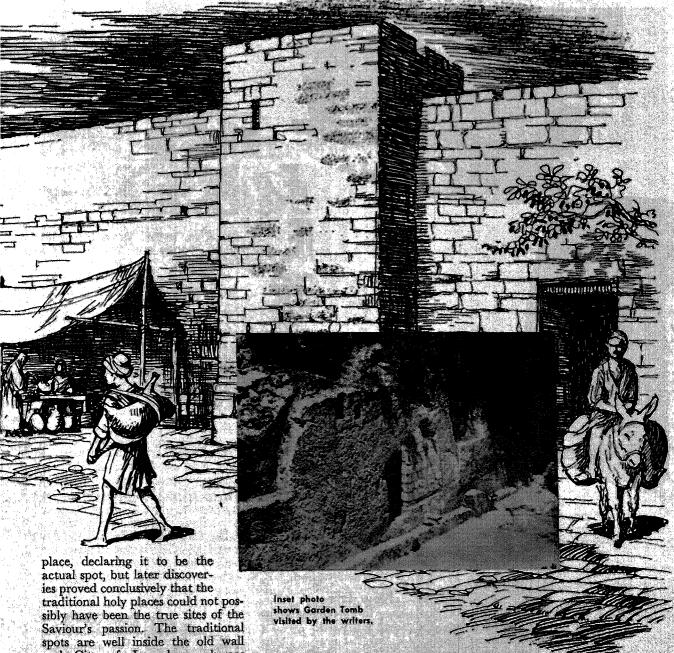
From the Jordan side of the city we visited such places as Bethlehem, Mount Zion, Mount of Olives, Jericho, Samaria, Emmaus, the Garden of Gethsemane, and walked the road that Jesus walked on His triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

umphal entry into Jerusalem.

So much could be said about all these places, but our most outstanding experience was the visit we paid to the Garden Tomb and Calvary.

Earlier in the week we had visited the traditional spot where Christ was supposed to have been crucified and buried—the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is reputedly built over these spots.

Our guide stressed this particular



and City of Jerusalem, whereas we know from the Bible narrative

that "He suffered without the gate" (Hebrews 13:12); that the place where He was crucified was "nigh to the city" (John 19:20). Also that the true place was notorious as Golgotha, or the "place of a skull".

The Garden Tomb and Place of Resurrection is situated quite close to the wall of Jerusalem, not far from the Damascus Gate. As we entered the garden, a quiet hush fell over the party—we felt we were treading on holy ground. The keeper of the garden, Dr. S. J. Mattar, welcomed us and guided us through this beautiful place to the empty tomb.

The tomb is a chamber cut in the solid rock. A low partition divides it into two parts. In these are three receptables, or loculi, for human bodies, but only one of these appears to have been actually completed. The other two, one for an adult, and one for a child, were never finished. On the outside of the tomb there is a deep groove which held the stone that closed the entrance (see illustration)

On the first visit to the Garden Tomb, our party numbered thirtyfive, and this complete group was able to stand inside the tomb. We listened in reverent silence as Dr. Mattar described the various compartments. Then we joined in singing, "Up from the grave He arose!

From the tomb we walked a short distance through the garden, passed by the winepress, and came to the Place of a Skull, Calvary. This remarkable cliff, popularly known as the Skull Face and the Place of Stoning, adjoins the Garden Tomb property. This hill can best be studied from the Garden Tomb This hill can best be enclosure, and viewed from that point. The resemblance of the cliff face to a rotting human skull is very striking

(Continued on page 13)





of Jesus as a past event only would be thin the prison house of history

ower gave the apostles witness of he resurrection of the Lord Jesus".

But the resurrection of Jesus is ot only a time-honoured article in he historic testimony of His Church; : is the present experience of those tho believe on His name. The one reat mistake is to think of Jesus s a figure in a book—even if that ook be the Bible, and to suppose hat all we need to do is to study His life in its historic setting as we lo that of any other religious or ational leader of past days.

The truth of Easter is that Jesus s not Someone who has risen, but Who is risen. He is not Someone bout Whom we may read, but iomeone whom we may meet. We re not limited to a study of His ife; we can know His living presnce. "The Lord is risen indeed."

To think of the resurrection of esus as a past event only would e to confine Him within the prison ouse of history. Wesley's lines—which must have been sung every Laster Day since first they were vritten more than two hundred ears ago—declare: "Christ the Lord s risen today." Each year believers ruthfully sing: "is risen today". To he end of time believers will sing: 'is risen today". Our grammatical differences of tense are swallowed ip in the timeless wonder of Christ's riumph. As Paul said: "Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more."

For the Apostle this was not only a statement of doctrine but a personal experience. He himself has described how one night he was lying in a cell adjacent to the Jerusalem temple under the protection of a Roman guard. There had been

...... BY ......



# GENERAL FREDERICK COUTTS

International Leader of The Salvation Army

something like a riot in the local court in which his own life had been in danger. But in that dark hour the Apostle's testimony was: "The Lord stood by me and said, be of good cheer, Paul'."

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

For us the experience can be the same. Any conversation can be a conversation with Him when our hearts burn within us. At every meal He can make Himself known to us in the breaking of bread. On any road the scales can drop from our eyes and we can recognize our unknown Companion as the living Lord.

Loud mockers in the roaring street Say Christ is crucified again: Twice pierced His gospel-bearing Twice broken His great heart in

I hear, and to myself I smile, For Christ walks with me all the while.

Some years ago Sir Alexander Paterson, at the time the leading British authority on prison reform, paid a visit to the French penal colony in Guiana.

"When I stepped ashore at Cayenne on Good Friday (he said) there seemed to be every suggestion of Calvary . . . but no thought of the resurrection. Walking down the main street on Easter Sunday morning I came face to face with an officer of The Salvation Army. We spent the day in his little homestead. He apologized for the simplicity of his hospitality. He gave me all he had-a slice of cake and a drink of lemonade. It was an Easter communion I shall never forget."

The risen Lord was present in their midst—as He can be in your home, or with you on the street, or wherever you may be reading this page. Speak to Him now for He hears—and your voice will join in the cry of astonished joy: "The

Lord is risen indeed!"

# By LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN WELLS

WE WALKED AWAY, WONDERING AT SUCH STRANGE SUPERSTITION, BUT COULD NOT OVERLOOK THE LINK WITH OLD TESTAMENT BLOOD SACRIFICES

COME with me as we enter through the gate of a walled Chinese city. Even the drab dwellings present a colourful festive appearance.

We turn aside to a neatly-dressed peasant standing by his gaily-bedecked door. Strips of crimson paper are neatly pasted on the doorposts and lintel. On each of them is written in bold, flowing style several Chinese characters: "Fu ru Doong Hai" (May our blessings be as boundless as the eastern sea); "Wu fu lin mun" (May the five blessings—health, wealth, sons, long life and peaceful death descend upon our dwelling place).

The old peasant's wrinkled face is wreathed in smiles. Those crimson strips are more than gay trimmings bedecking his entrance—they provide a sense of protection.

provide a sense of protection.
"Good friend," we say, pointing
to the crimson strips, "what mean
these?"

"Honourable sir," he replies, "are

you not aware that evil spirits bent on mischief haunt the very elements? They fear but one thing blood! These strips have been painted with the blood of pigs. We are protected."

The thought is striking. Bible readers will immediately picture the Israelites just before they left Egypt. The angel of death, charged with a dread command to destroy, would pass over every house whose doorposts and lintels were splashed with the blood of a chosen Passover lamb. Could there be any connection between that and this Chinese ceremony?

#### Agile Youth

But let us walk a little further. Here is the simple framework of a Chinese house nearing completion. It is nothing elaborate—just four neatly-trimmed trunks of trees for the uprights; some rough-hewn two-by-fours to form a support for a slanting roof; and now the top beam is in place. An agile youth is climbing on this beam, clutching a young rooster, bound with thongs, in his hands.

Loud cackles betoken the bird's discomfort. In the interest and for the safety of those who are soon to live under this roof, the young bird's life is to be sacrificed. We watch with baited breath as the young man carefully moves to the centre of the main beam. Now he steadies himself and, raising the bird high with the right hand, and using all his force, he dashes it to the ground below.

There is a silence. The onlookers stare. The little bird lies bleeding and dying. Yes, the rooster's blood says something to those simple peasants. It has been spilt on behalf of

Cathay means China.



those who will dwell in that simple house. Furthermore, it defies the evil spirits that would molest. At least the simple peasant comforts himself with this thought.

We walk away, wondering at such strange superstition. But how has all this come about, seeing there appears a definite link with this stupendous fact of the place of blood in the Old Testament economy?

No doubt you will know that when the sacred feet of Jesus trod the dusty roads of Judea and Galilee, China was already a civilized country, and ruled by the powerful "Han" Emperors. In ancient times the Emperor was known as the Son of Heaven, being feared and held in high esteem. In those far-off days the Chinese recognized the great Supreme Being; in fact he was termed "the Venerable Heavenly Grandfather".

## **Emperor Priest**

Now, I wonder if we could for a few moments imagine ourselves standing by the great Altar of Heaven, a circular construction near the Temple of Heaven just outside the south gate of Peking. There it stands gleaming white in the midday sun under the clear blue canopy of heaven. Today the Emperor becomes the high priest to make blood offering for the sins of his people.

To define the pomp and ceremony

of the vast procession as the Emperor and his train move in with beautiful horses, the tarters (bannermen) carrying a gay assortment of flags and bunting, the musicians with pipes and lutes, and the rest,

stately robes and is now dressed in simple white priestly linen and is making his way to the great altar.

Near this high altar we notice unusual activity—a beautiful ox is (Continued on page 16)

# WE SANG IN THE GARDEN TOMB

(Continued from page 7)

The day following our visit to the garden was Sunday. Our complete party met in the garden for the morning service. To get to it we had to walk through the bazaar. Business was going on as usual. The milling crowd jostled us as we walked. The noise and din clashed with the quiet of the Sabbath morning.

Passing through the Damascus Gate, we arrived at the Garden. where peace and quiet replaced the chaos, reminding one of John Oxen-

ham's verse:

Mid all the traffic of the ways, Turmoils without, within, Make in my heart a quiet place, And come and dwell therein.

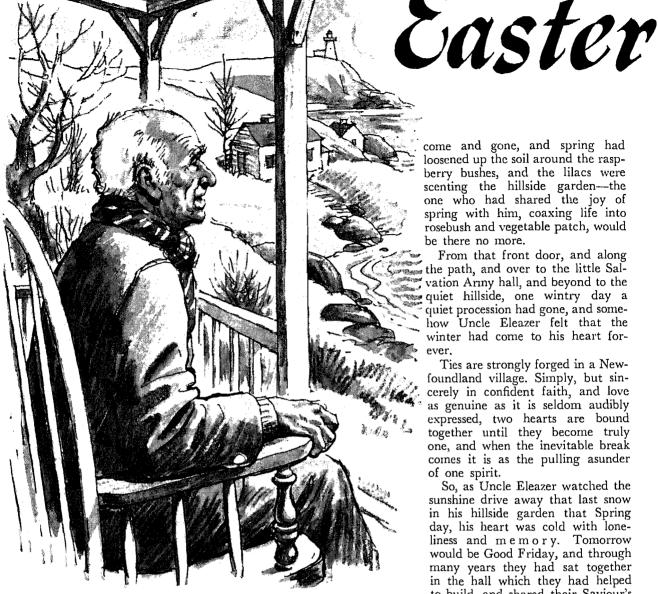
It was a beautiful Sabbath morning-warm and sunny-as we sat in the garden facing the empty tomb. The organ softly played "And He walks with me". To our right was the Hill of Calvary.

We joined in singing songs suitable to the occasion and I listened to a remarkable message given by Dr. Matter who, as an Arab refugee, had lived in Israel, but was forced to move over to Jordan with his wife and seven children, leaving all his property, possessions and money behind. He told how they had to make a new life, depending only on God to look after them, and proving that God did answer prayer by supplying their needs.

On the final Sunday afternoon, we attended a Service of Thanksgiving, to mark The Salvation Army's Centenary Year, in St. George's Cathedral in Jerusalem, when the Dean received the Army flag. During the service the one hundred Salvationists in the congregation sang the Founder's Song, "O, boundless salvation!", and the sermon was preached by the Archbishop.

The party then journeyed to Calvary, where the Army flag was flown, thus bringing to a conclusion a never-to-be-forgotten journey to places where Jesus walked, and where "we felt His presence near",

PAGE THIRTEEN



come and gone, and spring had loosened up the soil around the raspberry bushes, and the lilacs were scenting the hillside garden—the one who had shared the joy of spring with him, coaxing life into rosebush and vegetable patch, would be there no more.

From that front door, and along the path, and over to the little Salvation Army hall, and beyond to the quiet hillside, one wintry day a quiet procession had gone, and somehow Uncle Eleazer felt that the winter had come to his heart for-

> Ties are strongly forged in a Newfoundland village. Simply, but sincerely in confident faith, and love as genuine as it is seldom audibly expressed, two hearts are bound together until they become truly one, and when the inevitable break comes it is as the pulling asunder

of one spirit.

So, as Uncle Eleazer watched the sunshine drive away that last snow in his hillside garden that Spring day, his heart was cold with loneliness and memory. Tomorrow would be Good Friday, and through many years they had sat together in the hall which they had helped to build, and shared their Saviour's sorrow and sacrifice. Three days hence would be Easter Sunday morning, and early that day he knew they would come, his comrades of the years, and passing his door they would sing, as they had sung for many a year, "Up from the grave He arose, with a mighty triumph o'er His foes".

On Easter Sunday mornings when the snow still lay thick on the roadway, and on Easter Sundays, like this one promised to be, when Spring was on the hills, they had marched together, and sung together-but his sorrow was too new, his separation too recent, and he felt that he could not march or sing this Easter.

The Captain knew of Uncle

PRING came early that year, and by Easter the little brook that had murmured faintly under its winter covering until Christmas, and then grown silent, had burst from confinement, and, like a river reborn, was boisterously rolling the last remaining sheets of its prison walls down to its mouth, and out into the harbour.

The first exploring tips of the alder buds were proving that hidden there, waiting there, was life, and soon they would prove it to this newly-awakened world.

Spring—it was everywhere! It was in the bracken-scented air that swept across the hills, it was in the

soft wind that relentlessly pushed the ice sheets out from the shore, out of the harbour, into the bay, and on toward extinction in the broad Atlantic. Yes, Spring, fresh and lovely and tingling with life, was present to emphasize the eternal message of Easter.

But there was one place where there was no response to that song of life that year, for Uncle Eleazer, as he was affectionately known to all in the little Atlantic village, looked at the small garden that extended from the front porch nearly down to the sea, and he knew that, for the first time in nearly half a century---when Easter had

# Legacy

UNCLE ELEAZER WATCHED THE SUNSHINE DRIVE AWAY THE LAST SNOW FROM HIS NEWFOUNDLAND GARDEN . . . TOMORROW WOULD BE GOOD FRIDAY

# ...... By ...... BRIGADIER ARTHUR PITCHER

Eleazer's loneliness. He had shared the vigil of sorrow with the old Salvationist. They had mutually spoken of their faith in a "land where sorrow is unknown". But he had seen too the struggle to surmount the sense of loss, and on that Thursday he knew that he must visit his sorrowing soldier.

He found Uncle Eleazer sitting in the little porch, and gazing un-seeingly into the garden, and be-yond to the harbour. The Captain's step broke into his reverie and, turning with a wan smile, he greeted his

"Beautiful day. Aye, lad, so it is, but the sun don't seem so bright any more."

'No. I suppose not, Uncle Eleazer, but we must remember that God's love is like the sunshine, and that never fades."

"Aye, Captain lad, I know, and I hope He'll forgive me saying so, but even His love seemed brighter when we shared it here together. . . .

So the conversation went, and with a prayer, and a compassionate tenderness for his old comrade, the Captain turned homeward.

And it was then, after he had gone, that Uncle Eleazer remembered - remembered that last Easter, when they had come home And you know, when he read it I marked it in my Bible, and I said, Some day Eleazer or me will need that verse. If it's you, Eleazer, you can always find it there in the resurrection chapter in John, for it's the only one marked in red'."

Somehow, since that lonely day last winter, he had never opened her Bible. But he went in now, and took it off the bedside table, where she had placed it after she had drawn comfort from it for the last time, and as he turned its pages, through misty eyes he saw the red lines and the words they had under-scored, "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord".

Then—just then—the Stranger who stood in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea nearly twenty centuries ago came to Uncle Eleazer, and suddenly the old Salvationist knew what the Church has known for centuries—that this resurrection is the promise of the final blow to separation and sorrow, and death; and he took that book, with its verse in red, back to the garden and worshipped in the sunshine.

Easter morning fulfilled its promise and shone with brilliant beauty that year, and as the little Army march passed Uncle Bleazer's cottage, a quavering, but triumphant voice sang:

Death cannot keep his prey, Jesus, my Saviour: He tore the bars away, Jesus, my Lord.





Yes, all too well I call to mind that place

Gethsemane! And just one lovely face—

Jesus, I see Him bowed in prayer . . .

And Judas! Ah, that ghastly stare,

For me 'twas dark despair . . .
Peter the rock! Afraid,
Running away,

I knew not where.

And all too well I recollect a sword . . .

"Put it away!" was Christ's commanding word.

Methinks I struck in puerile fear, But Jesus touched that wounded ear!

Why had I vainly slept?
'Twere better had I watched
And humbly prayed,
Or even wept.

# "And Peter Remembered"

(Luke 22:61)

With shame I call to mind another place —

A palace hall, a fire, a lie, disgrace.

That servant girl! My petty ire!

My cheeks burned hotter than
that fire.

A wretched man was l. Ah me! How could it be That such as l Should Christ deny?

Came dawn . . . the strident crowing of the cock . . .

Then Jesus came. Naught may describe His look.
It broke my heart. Fell scalding tears,
Mingled with hope, repentance, fears.
I watched Him disappear,
Yet somehow comfort came,

And in my heart I felt Him near. His Cross meant shame, I know, and I not there, Not standing by His agony to share.

Withal there come His words to me:
"If thou wouldst My disciple be,
Deny thyself; thou must
Take up thy cross and come."
That I have done,
And thus found rest.

-JOHN WELLS

#### SUNRISE ON THE EQUATOR

(Continued from page 8) well as staff members.

As I knelt to pray at the close of the day, my own heart was strangely warmed as I renewed allegiance to the risen Christ. That Easter Sunday in the bush in Africa, miles from telephone or electricity, still remains as a vivid reminder to me of the power of the risen Christ in the lives of men. The lack of shoes or ties, and the Equator setting, so unfamiliar to many in Canada, had made no difference to the unchanging power of Christ and the need of man for a spiritual response to that loving, living Lord.

# SACRIFICE AT CATHAY

(Continued from page 13) being led to the slaughter. A short ceremony is taking place. A sharp knife flashes in the sunlight. There is a swift stroke and the beast falls. This time a majestic animal is being slain in the people's behalf.

The ox suffers death agonies and the sacrificial blood is carefully preserved. A basin of finest gold becomes the receptacle for the sacrificial blood. With great care the priest, with washed hands, takes what has now become a golden chalice and, ascending to the altar with steps measured and slow, places it into the outstretched hands of the Emperor.

Now comes the great and moving moment of this most impressive occasion. Clad in the unadorned dignity of priestly linen, and standing in lone majesty, the Emperor, raising high the sacrificial chalice of blood, cries to the God of Heaven.

His speech is simple as he implores the Great Eternal One to look upon the shed blood as an atoning sacrifice for the sins of the Chinese people. A hush descends, the ceremony is concluded. A strange peace

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from previous page) fills the hearts of all present. The greatest of gifts—the gift of forgiveness—has been bestowed. Everyone is included.

A further interesting fact may be briefly mentioned here. The Chinese character for "whosoever" is a basin of blood, presumably sacrificial, covering three persons—you, me and him; in other words, everyone. The thought is quite staggering.

It is sad to state that over the intervening years China, through the infiltration of heathen religions, became dark and corrupt. But what a glorious fact that many years later missionaries (amongst whom the writer was proud to be numbered) were able to labour in China and tell of Jesus, God's Son, God's Passover Lamb, who gave His life a ransom for many; to tell the people of the better way; to quote Paul's trenchant words, "It is not possible that the blood of bulls . . . should take away sins" (Hebrews 10.4); to tell them how to "enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh" (Hebrews 10:19, 20)!

Thank God so many found this new and living way! Sacrificial blood, once awesome, now becomes precious. They were able to say, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin".

Are you able to share this testimony? Have you looked to Jesus, God's Son, sacrificed for you? Let His precious blood cleanse you, then this Easter can be the most meaningful you have ever known.

Consider again Isaac Watts's immortal lines:

Not all the blood of beasts On Jewish altars slain Gould give the guilty conscience peace

Or wash away our stain.
But Christ, the Heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

If you are not in the habit of attending a place of worship, you would be very welcome at The Salvation Army this Eastertide—and at any other time.

# Resurrection at Miracle Valley

(Continued from page 5)

until drink spoiled his life. The miracle of conversion produced a dedicated and skilled workman.

Men prayed at the main corps for building equipment, tools and machines. A convert, with a changed life and an unbounding confidence that people would help the work if they knew about it, communicated the story everywhere. Lumber, windows, roofing, cement, trucks and even a huge caterpillar machine to clear the land were donated. When people heard that the enterprize was to be a farm, horses, cows, hens and geese were sent by friends actually before they were required.

Soon a battery of trucks, tractors and machines were employed in the creation of the work. The problem of fuel became a serious concern. Once again prayer prevailed. An American businessman telephoned me in Vancouver, calling from a Prairie city: "I hear you have a farm, Golonel. Could you use some drums of fuel oil?" Needless to say, this unceasing flow of fuel still continues.

## **Expressive**

The name Miracle Valley was officially approved at Territorial Head-quarters and interprets effectively in two words what is actually taking place at this centre. The tent and the bunkhouse have now been replaced with substantial buildings. A shoe merchant in New Westminster took a particular interest in the redemptive work carried on, and built one of the lovely buildings dedicated as the "Copp Lodge".

The men landscaped the grounds, and made roads into the workshop areas. With the financial help of a widow, a chapel was built and dedicated in 1965. The eight original helpers became thirty-eight and then fifty-eight. Captain and Mrs. William Bird were appointed to manage the work at the Valley under the direction of Major William Leslie.

The Captain himself is a miracle of grace and an asset to the work. The Government of British Columbia became keenly interested in the new phase of the Army's Harbour Light programme, and soon additional aid was provided.

One of the men sent to the Valley had been an expert craftsman with carving tools before drink made his hands unsteady and impaired his abilities. He was given the task of carving the words "MIRACLE VALLEY" in a great log (see photograph) which now forms part of the imposing entrance to the main grounds, Before he had completed the task, his confidence returned and his old ability and skill revived.

#### A Miracle

Today he is a valued member of our Canadian society and a living proof of the power and presence of a living Saviour. This man's story is the miracle in redemption and rehabilitation that is the story of scores who become part of the creative programme.

At this Easter time hundreds of converts, many reconciled to family and loved ones, will meet at Miracle Valley and fill the chapel with joyous thanks and praise to the living Christ. The Apostle Paul referred to life-changing work such as is taking place at the Valley when he wrote: "The exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of HIS MIGHTY POWER, which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead."

This is a river overflowing its banks—an idea too large for language, yet gloriously evident in the divine miracle which is Miracle Valley in the heart of the mountains of British Columbia.



# Easter in Verse

COMPILED BY
COLONEL ALBERT DALZIEL

"And they gave Him to drink wine mingled with myrrh; but He received it not."

—Mark 15:23.

I ask no drug which would the senses chill
Or numb the mind to griefs which wound

Too many are the ways by which I might Escape the anguish of man's bitter plight; No gift there is but may be thus misused—Art, beauty, faith itself can be abused And turned into a refuge, where no sob Nor sound of sorrow can avail to rob Of peace, the ear, which dulled by selfish cares.

Hears nothing but the egoist's own prayers; Concerned himself to reach the golden gate, No time has he on wounded men to wait. Thus is our creed turned into profanity: Vanity of vanities, this is vanity!

-Frederick L. Coutts

"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—St. John 8:32.

Saviour of men, once lifted high,
How oft do we Thy Cross deny!
Seeking in vain some other plan
To find our peace or succour man.
Despairingly, we fain would cry
On other gods—without reply;
Whilst One there stands to intercede
And meet us in our deepest need.
O stay us! lest we blindly move
Far from Thy Cross and from Thy love;
Therein we know our pardon sealed,
Therein we know the truth revealed!

my holden eyes.

That truth made known to simple men and hidden from the wise—

That in Thy wounds, my own find healing,
In Thy bonds, am I made free,
In Thy pain, is my refining,
In Thy death, new life for me!

O Truth, release my earthbound mind and touch

-Albert E. Dalziel

"For Christ hath once suffered for us; the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."—I Peter 3:18.

Jesu', O Jesu', all fair art Thou and holy,
Pure is Thy raiment, Thy presence as the light;
Here we acclaim Thee, whose spirit meek and lowly
Calls us to worship, yet shames us in Thy sight.
King of all the earth! Man of lowly birth!
Jesus, the Son; Suffering One;
Love has subdued us, to Thee our hearts belong.

Jesu', O Jesu', whose blood for us has spoken,
Pleading our ransom within the holy place;
Stay the Avengerl Thy dying is the token,
Save from our Egypt the whole of Adam's race.
Be Thou Lord of us, guide our exodus
Out of the night, into the light;
We are a people depending on Thy might.

Jesu', O Jesu', to live as in Thy presence,
Sad with Thy sorrows, rejoicing in Thy joys;
Life, love and blessing, of these Thou art the essence,
Far, far transcending all earthly pomp and noise.
Spread Thy lovely wing for our covering,
In Thy dear side Thy suppliants hide;
Cause us to know Thee lest earth our love divide.

---Albert Orsborn

"He said, It is finished: and He bowed His head, and gave up the Ghost."—St. John 19:30.

Oh, quietly He bowed His head,
And o'er His stricken features death
Her softest mantle gently spread.
How slow the steps and deep the dread
Of falt'ring friends. But swift and light
His enemies swept by; they said:
"A foe—a dangerous foe—is dead."
They wist not what His last faint breath
Had freed. Away, away they sped,
Not hearing the ethereal tread
Of armies mighter than might—
So quietly He bowed His head.

—Catherine Baird



